A GIRL'S EXPERIENCE IN GETTING OUT OF WAR TORN FRANCE

She Describes Humor, Pathos and Trepidations of Rush of Americans to Leave Country—Thrilling Scenes When Mobilization Order Came to Paris

By PEGGY FORD.

MOBILIZATION generale! These works alone make "Gay Paree" a thing of yesterday. The great French city is serious at last. Every soul is thoughtful, determined, anxious. At the critical hour the Parisian no longer loiters in the cafe lightly jesting over his absinthe.

On Friday, July 31, the day of the money panic, Paris had completely lost its head. Newsboys were pounced upon and the wet sheets fairly swallowed by the crowds. Excited people rushed about talking to themselves. The storm centre was the great "Bank of France." All day long the rush continued. Behind the Bourse the streets were black with people waiting to draw out money and demand gold. French bank notes dropped 20 per cent below par. Restaurant doors were placarded with notices, "Paper money not accepted, patrons must pay in gold or silver on entering. Tips to the garcon payable in money only."

People rushed frantically about trying to cash notes of 50 and 100 francs. Those who were unsuccessful went hungry unless fortunate enough to borrow a few francs.

Crowds collected in the streets and public squares shouting, "Vive la France!" and singing the "Marseillaise." Confusion, excitement and chaos reigned supreme. The long smouldering fire of hatred kindled in 1870 burst with a wild flame at the first suggestion of war.

The order of mobilization Saturday, August 1, served partially to bring people to their senses. The actual proximity of war caused a momentary lull in the wild confusion and excitement. With calm determination the Frenchmen took up their arms as a wronged and humiliated man carefully prepares to seize his belated opportunity for vengeance. Every face reflected the supreme satisfaction of the moment. No horror of war was written there, only absolute confidence of victory.

In the Place de la Concorde crowds of people collected hooting and shrieking, "A Berlin, a Berlin a bas les Allemands" (On to Berlin, down with our German enemies.)

On the Boulevard des Italiens a heap of broken glass, splinters and mud marked the spot which ten minutes before was the site of a high class German restaurant. Other establishments of its kind were treated in the same fashion in spite of the prudent resort to borrowed French names. Even French and English flags hastily applied afforded scanty protection to the few daring Germans who ventured on the streets at all. The Tower of Babel of the great French metropolis crumbled in a few hours; but one great language prevailed, the "French-English." Those incapable of this wisely kept silence.

Within forty-eight hours after the first intimation of trouble the stage was set for the war. Paris was transformed, shops, theatres and most public places of amusement were closed. Groups of soldiers went about to find their places with their regiments. Most of the soldiers left from the Gare de l'Est, where touching scenes were enacted. Mothers, wives and sweethearts bore up remarkably through farewell embraces, but as the last train left for the frontier tiny tears were hastily brushed away and faces assumed a look of brave resignation.

It was not until Saturday, August 1, that I realized the seriousness of the situation. I was in no particular hurry to leave Paris and rather keen about seeing the thing through when I was brought to earth by a French woman who advised me to get away toute' suite.

"But why?" I asked, thinking to get the lay of the land. She pictured everything from a siege of Paris with people dying of starvation to complete destruction of the city by bombs thrown from the great German Zeppelins, all of which she assured me:

'Pourrait, arriver, mat-mwa-selle, ah oui! Sapristi! Ah, la! la!"

I disappeared in the direction of the French Line offices. Lines of people extended for half a block on each side of the entrance on the rue Auber. The Provence was due to sail that day and was booked to capacity. It was not until late Friday night that the passengers were informed she had been taken by the Government for military use. She left Havre Monday, August 3, for Cherbourg.

A large electric sign flashed from the roof of the company's offices, "The France will leave the fourth of August," looked very reassuring. About half way down the line I noticed a group of persons violently protesting against the Government's action. I took advantage of the moment to slip in unnoticed.

"If any one goes home on the France I go all right, all right; they can't bluff me," came from a stout gentleman who had taken the precaution to provide himself with a campstool and lunch in anticipation of a long wait.

"Why, man, dere ain't standin' room on dot boat. I got a passach on de Provence an' I ain't sure myself of gettin' off. I'm losin' hundreds a' dollars a minute standin' here. I got some job—sure, I'm rebresentin' a svelle Cha-caw-go house."

"I must have a first class cabin. I always keep Lady Evelyn in the cabin with me," said a weary looking lady, stroking a pocket edition of a Pekingese.

"First class cabin? Are ya sure ya don't want de imperial soot?"

Just at this juncture came "news from the front." "First class sold out, I got the last one!" shouted a very American looking individual as he triumphantly waved the ticket in our faces.

"Oh goodness!" sighed a meek faced blonde I took for president of some [illegible] society, "I'd take an officer's cabin."

The tired lady with the pet dog turned away discouraged. Later I heard she had decided to be an army nurse.

"I'm no second class passenger. I don't go in no second class, that's a'l!"

"Well den you can stay. I'm goin'. You could 'a' took that cabin yesterday in the first class, an' now we ain't got it."

"Aw, shut up, Rosie. The next time I take you on a trip ta Europe we're goin' ta Far Rockaway." With this threat Rosie subsided temporarily, and a piping voice beside me said:

"Father, where do we land?" The comfortable looking individual addressed replied:

"Well if the France isn't subpoenaed for the war its Hoboken, I think."

"Oh I don't want to land in any more foreign countries."

"Don't worry; if we ever get home I promise you and your mother'll have plenty of opportunity to develop a taste for the U. S. A."

After an hour of that, seeing I was no nearer headquarters, I decided to chance things at the American Express. I successfully charged through the crowd with a series of "Pardong, mesdames, meshoores," and in a half hour I emerged perspiring but victorious. I had accomplished the impossible! I had got a berth on the France. (Monday morning a stranger offered me twice its face value, but I hung on, thinking stocks might go higher by night.)

Out in the streets people were talking aloud to themselves. Excited people accosted me, asking every conceivable question. One woman rushed up and asked me if I was American. When I said "yes" she threw her arms around my neck and clung like a drowning person.

"Oh," she said, "I'm so glad. I don't speak a word of French, dear. I don't know what to do. I'm here all alone. I just came over on the Aquitania. How can I ever get home? What are you going to do?"

I told her what I had done and she seemed more helpless than ever, so I offered to go with her to the American Consulate. When we arrived we saw the futility of attempting anything like a private interview, but learned a great deal by taking a place in the circle around the man who was giving out general information and trying his best to answer questions for the crowd.

One man wanted to know if he stayed through the war "could he always call a taxi."

A scene on the way home proved that it wasn't altogether a joke. A man with a trunk and hand luggage on the sidewalk had hailed a chauffeur and requested to be taken to the station. He appeared in a great hurry and recklessly offered five francs, realizing that taxis were at a premium. The chauffeur smiled and said, "Fifteen francs, monsieur, a votre service." When the man attempted to protest against such robbery the chauffeur started off. A French policeman blew his whistle summoning an assistant. In a twinkle the taxi was stopped, the luggage piled in and the frightened chauffeur forced to take all to the station at the regular rate.

Sunday, August 2—A newspaper printed in English stated that "All foreigners wishing to leave Paris must do so to-day; any intending to leave France must embark on the boats on which they are to sail before the end of the third day of mobilization. All intending to remain must obtain a Permis de Sejour."

After reading this startling news I umped into a cab and coaxed the lordly cocher to take me to the Gare St. Lazare. Here the scene was terrible. In the confusion and disorder families were separated, hungry children were crying and the noise of shouting and roar of trains was deafening.

All about along the walls on the floor and in the corners tired soldiers were lying asleep awaiting their turn to be called. Women who had spent the entire night and day in getting tickets, passports and locating baggage fainted under the long strain and heat of the station.

When I was told that the trains were only guaranteed until 6 o'clock that night and that the last train for the coast had already pulled out, that minute I felt that my final ray of hope had gone with it.

Stick-to-it-iveness being one of my elemental characteristics, Monday morning saw me again on the warpath. At the station I was told there was a train.

"To Havre?"

"Yes."

"At what time?"

One at 3:33 A. M. and still another in the morning at 9:30, that was all. Right after dinner I was at the sta-

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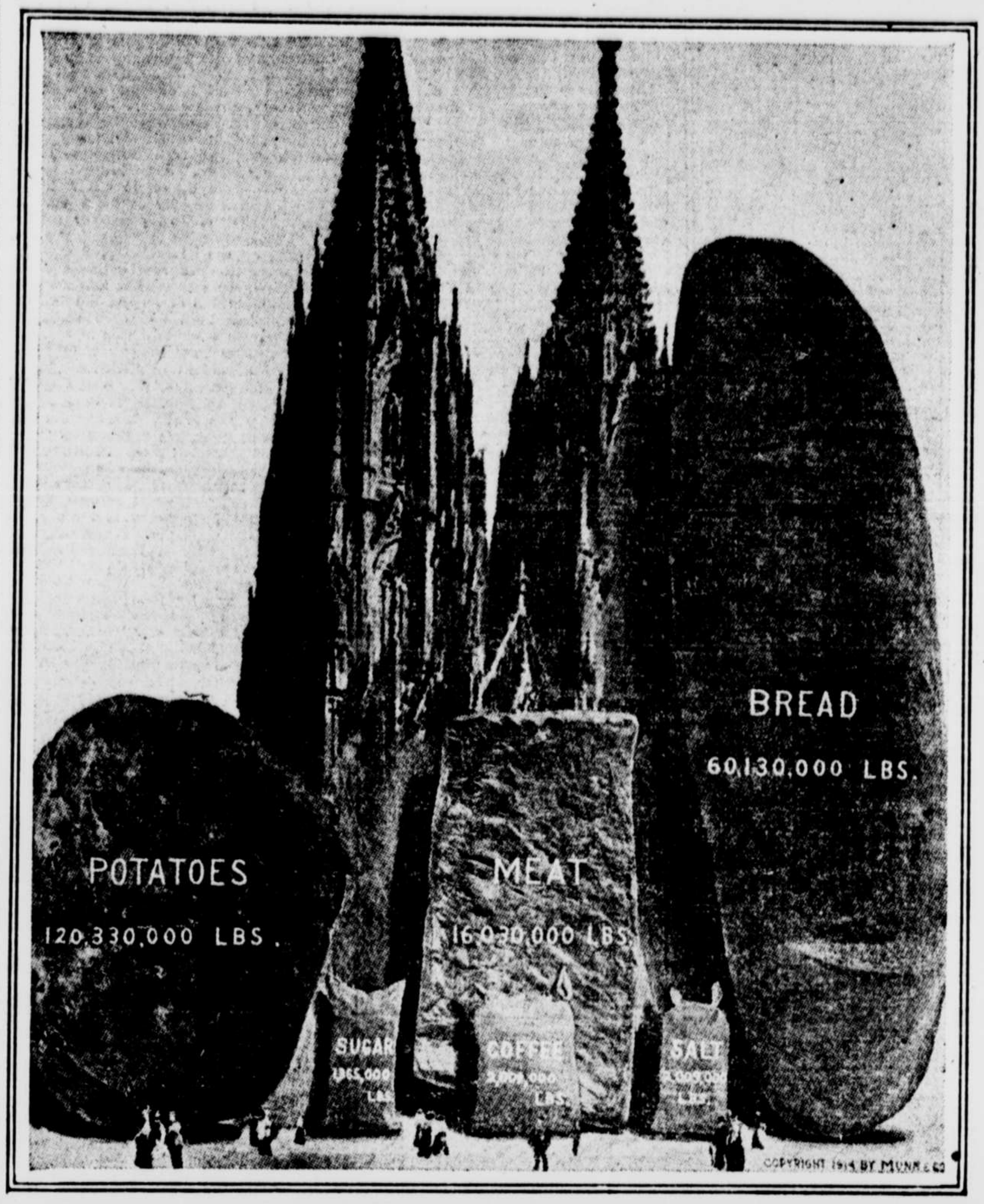
Enormous Daily Meal of the Kaiser's Fighting Men



A week's rations for the German army.

Some Striking Comparisons That Illustrate Germany's Bills for Food Her Army Is Consuming While in the Field

THE question of subsistence is a vital one to an army, and many battles have been lost from the failure of food supplies. The commissary department of armies in all civilized countries is in the hands of men who are in reality dietetic specialists on a large scale. The present war is the supreme test for the quartermaster's department, says a writer in the *Scientific American*.

"Rations," as the daily food supply of the soldier is known, vary in each country according to racial tastes or climatic conditions; thus the meat ration of France is quite different from that of Germany. For the purpose of comparison we have taken the daily field ration of the German army, which is as follows:

Seven hundred and fifty grammes of fresh bread, or 500 grammes of biscuit.

Three hundred and seventy-five grammes of raw meat (fresh or salted), or 200 grammes of smoked beef, pork, mutton, bacon, or meat sausage.

One hundred and twenty-five grammes of rice (groats), or 250 grammes of pulse or flour, or 1,500 grammes of potatoes.

Twenty-five grammes of salt.

Twenty-five grammes of coffee (roasted), or 30 grammes of coffee (green), or 3 grammes of tea and 17 grammes of sugar.

We have shown this supply for a week compared with the huge mass of Cologne Cathedral. The result is very surprising, for we have a loaf of bread weighing 60,130,000 pounds and 393 feet high, which bulks well alongside the lofty edifice. Meat is represented by a side of bacon, but in practice this might be varied by sausage, smoked beef, fresh beef, salt meat, or mutton. The bacon is 180 feet long and would weigh 16,030,000 pounds. Potatoes are the heaviest item, weighing 120,330,000 pounds, and the gigantic tuber shown in the engraving would be 188 feet high and of a proportionate girth. The bag would be two feet less in length, while the sugar bag would measure 38 feet high and would weigh 1,365,000 pounds. Such amounts of food seem almost incredible.

Of course, the figures given are for the standard ration, which is probably a very different thing from that actually being consumed along the great battle formation, for there is great flexibility as to the food to be used. It is possible that pemmican (a condensed meat product) has entered into the ration very largely, but we will not get much accurate information until the close of the war. The Kaiser has always expressed a lively interest in the soldiers' food, and he has not infrequently ridden up to the field bakeries and sampled the product of their ovens.

Some idea of the enormous expense of the war will be gained when it is stated that the daily cost of provisions for the combined armies would be $12,500,000 without the expense of transportation, which would be $4,200,000 more each day. These figures were based on a comparison of prices of some years ago, so that 16 per cent. could be added to the cost of the food, making the cost $18,750,000, or $22,950,000 "delivered" at the place of consumption. This is truly an enormous daily bill of the war butcher, war baker and war grocer.

SAILORS MOURN FOR NELSON.

Every Man in British Service Wears Black Scarf.

LONDON, Aug. 8.—British sailors have on their uniforms perpetual reminders of the navy's glorious past, though not every one who wears them knows that the three rows of white tape round the edging of the blue collar and the black silk scarf knotted in front are links with Nelson.

The white tapes commemorate Nelson's famous victories—Copenhagen, the Nile and Trafalgar—and the scarf is a token of perpetual mourning for the great admiral, adopted by the seamen themselves and retained ever since.

Fine Wine From Meuse Valley.

LONDON, Aug. 8.—The Meuse Valley, now the theatre of war, is noted for the superexcellence of its wine. The choicest Burgundy comes from there. Cellars are cut in the rock of the valley to which at certain seasons of the year, when the river rises, the water is admitted. When the tide falls again it leaves the bottles coated with mud, which is said to invest them with a special and stimulating protection.

WHEN THE FRENCH NATION ANSWERED THE CALL TO ARMS

An American Diplomatist Vividly Describes the Scenes in Calais When, Without Warning, the Call for General Mobilization Came —Everything in City Shut Down

A vivid picture of the French nation rushing to arms is presented in the following letter from an American diplomat in France which has just been received by his daughter in New York. He describes events as they transpired all about him and shows the consternation of a little French city, struck without a moment's warning by the inexorable hand of war. The letter follows:

BY AN AMERICAN DIPLOMAT IN FRANCE.

CALAIS, France, August 3, 1914.

DEAR DAUGHTER: The long expected has come to pass. Europe is in war. Last Saturday a transformation came over France when the order for mobilization was announced. On that day I was in Desores to attend to some business. I was at the Convent Villa St. Antoine at 4:30 P. M. When I left the Hotel du Cygne everybody was in doubt and incertitude, some optimistic, some pessimistic as to what would be the result of diplomacy. But upon my return to the hotel from the Villa St. Antoine all had changed.

A gendarme had just passed through the street by which I was returning to the hotel and had announced the mobilization general. I never saw such a sight. The men were at work in the usines. Only the women and children were at home. Thus the women and children knew what was expected of the men. They were simply seized with the sudden horror of it. Some were crying, others were standing looking vacantly in the distance. Mothers with babies in arms reflected in their faces the war cloud that had darkened the horizon of peace. When one spoke to them they said nothing.

By the time I had passed through a long street like this I could not resist the tragic influence of the moment. From the long sad faces one could only learn that it was the "mobilization general."

Suddenly several automobiles came whizzing through the town. This added to the consternation. The only premonition one had in the morning of Saturday was the sight of some strange officers here and there in uniform. What interpretation to put upon their presence no one knew.

Soon the notices were posted on the Mairies and the Guard de Champet was seen going through the old village with a drum. He stopped about every hundred meters and announced the appelle to arms. Wherever he went a knot of children were seen following him. Those too young to understand seemed to enjoy it, while those of 10 and 12 years knew its meaning and knew that papa and brother had to go to the front. These were crying.

Slowly the men commenced to return from their work and little groups were to be seen everywhere. But strangely no one seemed to say much. Now and then one would see a man lift his shoulders and say "Il le faut."

I left Desores for Calais at 7:25 P. M by way of Boulogne. Going to the gare I saw everywhere in the little houses and the cafes people filled with deep emotion, but calm and reflective. The women and children who were old enough to know what had come to pass were the most deeply affected, while the men took it coolly.

What a change had come over these little households! What a change had come over those in the big fine houses. The call had been made and laborer and proprietor were all in the same boat. This one had to go with his two sons. That one had to go with his. It reached every man under 45 and over 21. No one was exempt except those too old or those too young.

On the train to Boulogne there was a man and his wife with their little son of five years. The wife was in grief, as she knew her man had to go. The little boy was too young to know what had happened. All he knew was that papa had to go to war without knowing what war meant. The man cheered his wife up as best he could saying, 'Il le faut. We must meet the enemy some time, and now as well as ever. We can't be bothered eternally by this difficulty." The man held his boy on his lap. One could see that he thought a lot more than he said.

Upon arriving in Boulogneville station there were many people and much movement. But the scenes not the same as at Desores. At Desores I was among the simple people of the country. Now the Parisians were to be seen everywhere. Their vacation at Boulogne had been cut short and now they must return to Paris and get ready. The English were everywhere to be seen moving about in their habitual manner. The 9:36 P. M. train was late. So at the station while waiting for the train I had a chance to size up the crowd. Many soldiers were about the station with their parents and sweethearts. My compartment was full of them coming up to Calais.

Just met Leon Vincent and he told me he was starting to-morrow. Railroads are blocked to the public and consecrated to the transport of troops.

This morning a Belgian girl came to my office. She had been in pension in England near Brighton. As her parents could not reach her with money she had decided to return home on just what she had in pocket. She arrived by the 2 A. M. boat and to her horror she could not get permission to go on by rail. She was completely desolated. I went with her to the Gare Central and succeeded in getting her transportation via Dunkirk to Fruges. I secured this through the French officers. She was a bright, intelligent girl, and I thought of you if such had been your lot while in Mannheim.

Yesterday I was in the barber shop. The barber was still at his chair with his nineteen-year-old son. The wife was sitting in the shop crying. There were a lot of men there to get their hair cut before leaving for the front. One man said after having been served, "Well, I can't say au revoir." The barber said, "Mais quoi donc nous nous reverrous, N'ayez pas peur mon brave." The barber I met a moment ago. He was in good cheer as he always is. I bid him good-by; he said, "Je vais fair mon devoir sans aucun peur." The son will stay with the mother.

Many of the Calais boys that you know are now at the front. Some of them are no doubt victims ere this. There is no news whatever from the front. All we know is that war is raging.

Things are at fever heat here now and I assure you that so many are going that it is only difficult for those who have to remain because of being too young or too old. Every one is going in good cheer. There is no noise or demonstration, no disorderly conduct. The spirit prevading all is that the country is in danger and that life is consecrated to it without fear or chagrin. Those going certainly suffer less than those who remain.

August 4, 1914.

If you can imagine the quarter in which we live as full of activity as at the time of the ceremony over the Pluviose victims only much more so then you can form some idea of how things are here. The mobilization of men and horses, wagons arriving from all directions except the sea—farmers, clerks, proprietors, sailors, blacksmiths, and in fact everybody going to the Hangar Paul Divot to get a uniform and a full equipment. In front of the east end of this hangar is an improvised blacksmith shop and the horses are there shod. The neighing of horses, the rumbling of wagons, the march of soldiers through the Rue de Moscou by the lighthouse—in fact it is a commingling of all kinds of noises.

One remarkable thing is the quiet sobriety of all the men. No loud or boisterous demonstration. The cafes are less noisy than at an ordinary time. Train after train loads are leaving. The stations are impenetrable to the public. Only soldiers have the entree. The stations are barred and the soldiers go in a side way.

One can imagine when no trains are there that the stations are entrances to a slaughter house. But when I saw the boys going this morning, many of whom you know and we all know, waving their hats from the car windows, bidding farewell to their parents and friends all in good cheer, the sinister feature of the Gare is less apparent.

I just had a long talk with August Piriet. All his family capable of going had gone. He said he had been to Arras on Sunday to see Jean. We talked over the whole situation and he said, bursting into tears, that he was ever thinking of his mother who is now dead, what she would think if she were here to see all this.

All the Germans have left. Yesterday one was nearly killed by the Gare Central. I saw this. He was a cafe keeper in the Rue de Havre. They took him from the cafe to the station and the crowd followed in mass. You never saw a stand of bees more furious. The women especially took a leading part. This German was a bad citizen and kept a very disreputable cafe. Judging from what I saw the women seized upon this occasion to get even with him.

There is no news from the front or from anywhere else. No New York papers, no *Matin*, no *Journal*, no *Petit Journal*, no *Petit Parisienne*, no nothing to read except conjectures and false rumors in Calais papers. Everything is shut down. The censorship is complete. I met a soldier, a country fellow, and I asked him when he was leaving and he said he did not know; that he knew nothing whatever about anything. The same in the case with me. I get nothing at the post office.

We don't know to a certainty whether England is going to help France or not. Their fleet is in the North Sea and the French fleet is mostly in the Mediterranean. There have been many French submarines and destroyers in Calais, but that is all. Lord Kitchener was expected to pass through last night on his way to Egypt, but upon his arrival in Dover he was called back to London. The King of Greece was also expected, but did not arrive. The Russian royal train has left for St. Petersburg.

French troops entraining for the front.